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P. o. angl. 598 i

A BOOK OF PICTURED CAROLS.

A BOOK OF PICTURED CHARACTERS.

A BOOK OF PICTURED
CAROLS. Designed under the
direction of ARTHUR J. GASKIN



LONDON: GEORGE ALLEN, 156, CHARING CROSS
ROAD; AND AT ORPINGTON, KENT. MDCCCXCIII

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A BOOK OF PICTURED
CAROLS. Designed under the
direction of Arthur J. Gaskin

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DEDICATION.

“THE lewid peple then algates agre,
And caroles singen everi' criste messe tyde,
Not with schamfastenes bot jocondle,
And holey bowghes aboute ; and al asydde
The brenning fyre hem eten, and hem drynke,
And laughen mereli ; and maken route,
And pype, and dansen, and hem rage ; ne swinké,
Ne noe thyng els, twalve dayes thei woldé not.”

Lud. Coll. XLV. H. I.

INTRODUCTION.

CAROLS, carolls, or carolles, as they have been variously spelt, have an interest that appeals to all classes equally and alike, as year by year they hail the remembrance of the greatest of earthly events, "God made manifest in the flesh." The first carol known to have been written in this country is written in Anglo-Norman, and begins "Seignors, ore entendez à nus," this carol dates from about 1050 A.D. The first collection of carols of the publication of which there is any record is of much later date, and is only known from an imprint on a single leaf in the Bodleian Library, "Thus endeth the Christmasse "carolles, newly emprinted at London, in the Flete "Strete at the sygne of the Sonne by Wynkyn de "Worde. The yere of our Lorde MDXXI." One of the two carols on it is printed in the last edition of Juliana Berners' "Boke of St. Albans," and is called a "Caroll of Huntynge," the other is "A "Caroll, Bringing in the Bore's Head," and is still sung at Queen's College, Oxford, every Christmas Day, the "bore's head" being now superseded by a model carved in wood. There is also an ancient volume extant of Christmas carols, "Imprinted at

*“London in the Powtry by Richard Kele, dwel-
“lynge at the longe shop under Saynt Myldrede’s
“Church,” and which dates probably from some
time between 1546 and 1552. Carol singing seems
to have always been very popular in England, par-
ticularly in the West, where carols were sung in the
place of Psalms on Christmas Day, and where for-
merly it was customary for the Parish Clerk, at the
end of the service, to wish the congregation in a loud
voice, “A Merry Christmas and a Happy New
Year.” Carol singing prevailed and still prevails
extensively in Ireland and on the Continent, but in
Scotland, until a late date, was almost unknown.
Many carols show a quaint blending of devotion and
praise of good living that is very pleasing, and, one
may add, very human; whilst in the purely devotional
ones there is often to be found great charm and deli-
cacy of thought, so that one lingers lovingly over
“When Cryst was born of Mary fre,” or “In
Bethlehem that noble place.” The selection given here,
with the exception of “Good King Wenceslas,”
written by Dr. Neale, is chiefly taken from
the Sloane and Harleian MSS. in the British
Museum, which may be consulted with advantage
by those interested in the subject, and much informa-*

tion may be also obtained from the admirable works of Ritson, Sandys, and Hone.

There is a strong and pleasant link with the past in the carol, and now at the end of the year 1893 we still may hear a faint and musical echo of the angelic song to "certain poor shepherds" which hailed the sweet advent of the Babe of Bethlehem.

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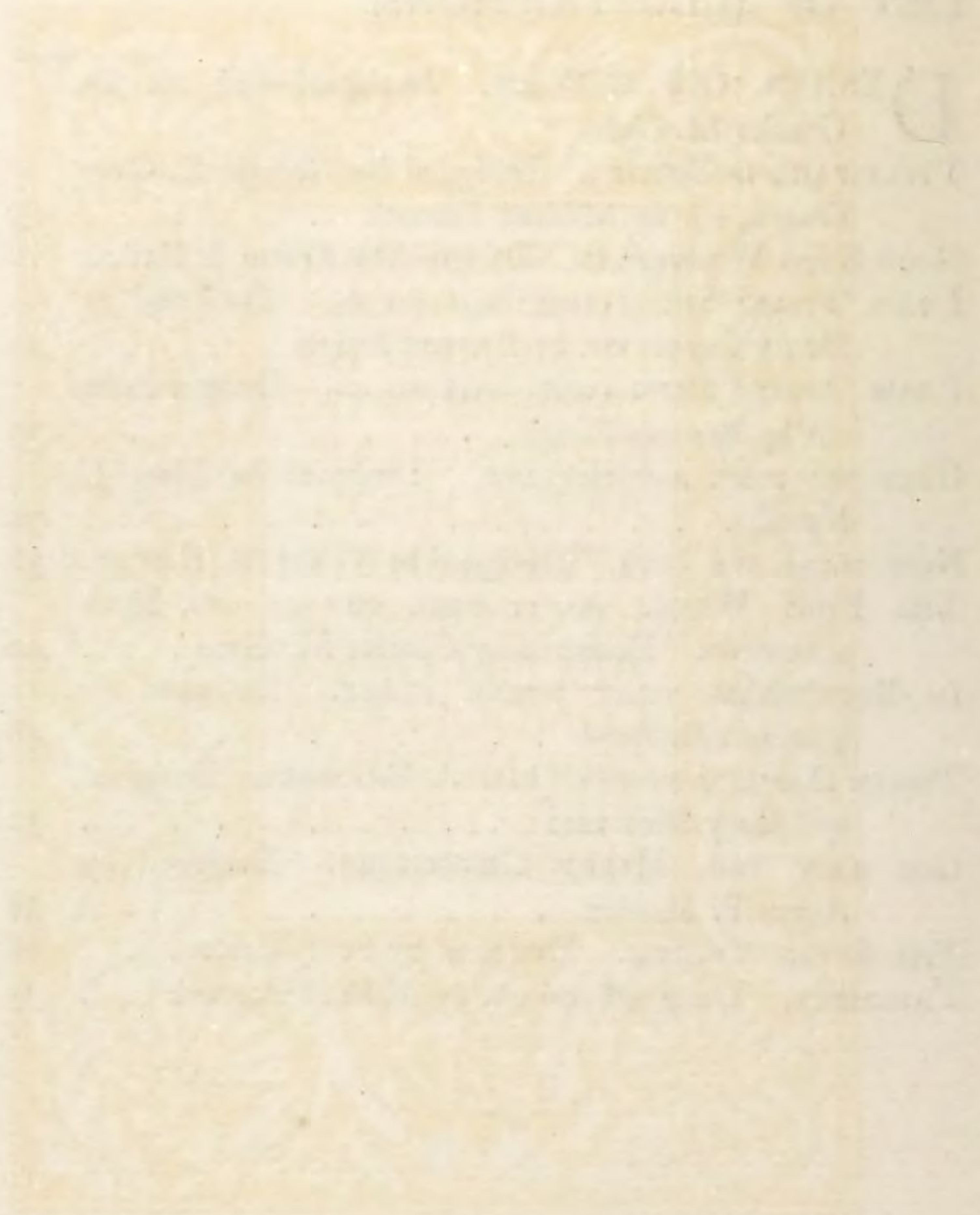
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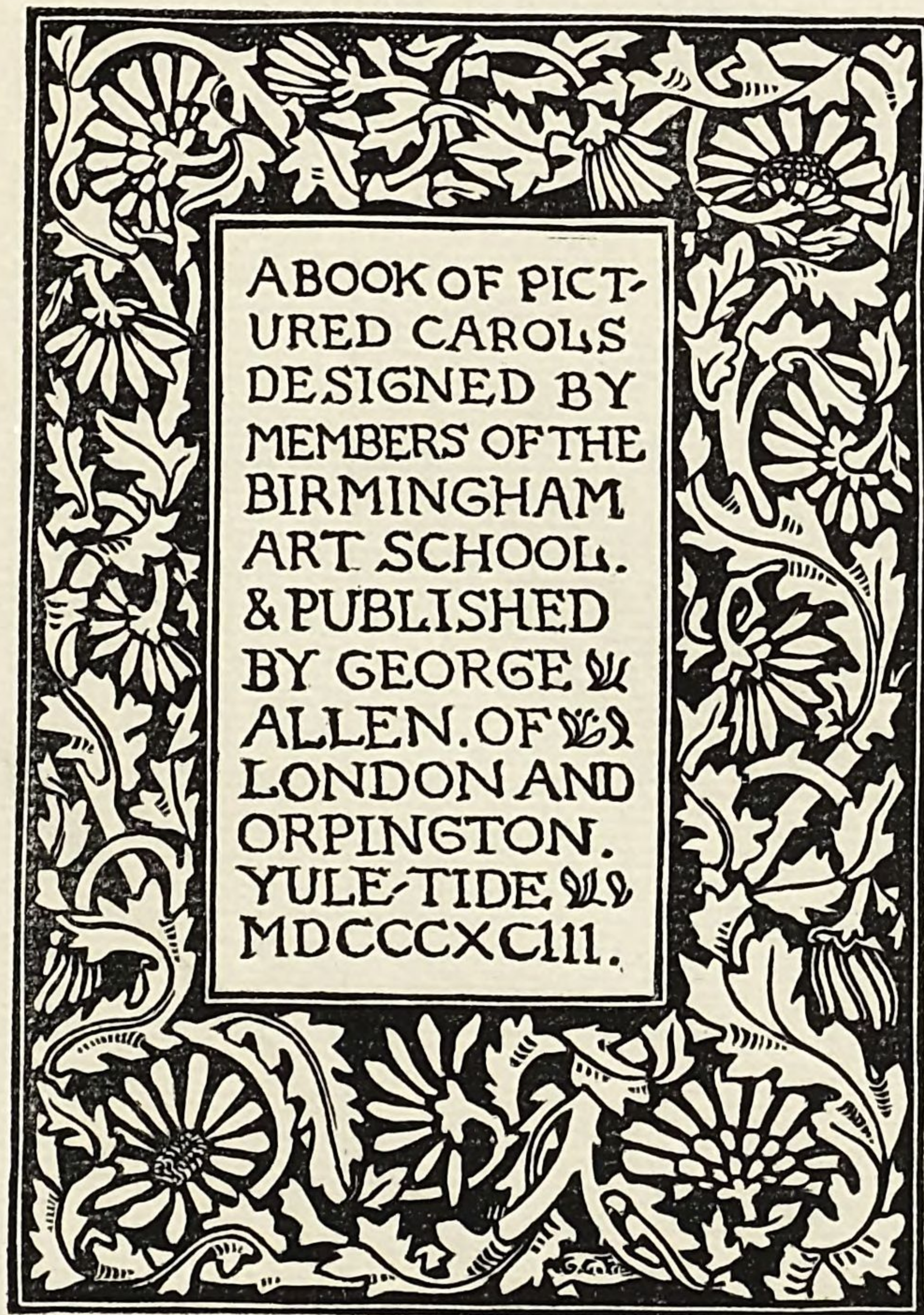
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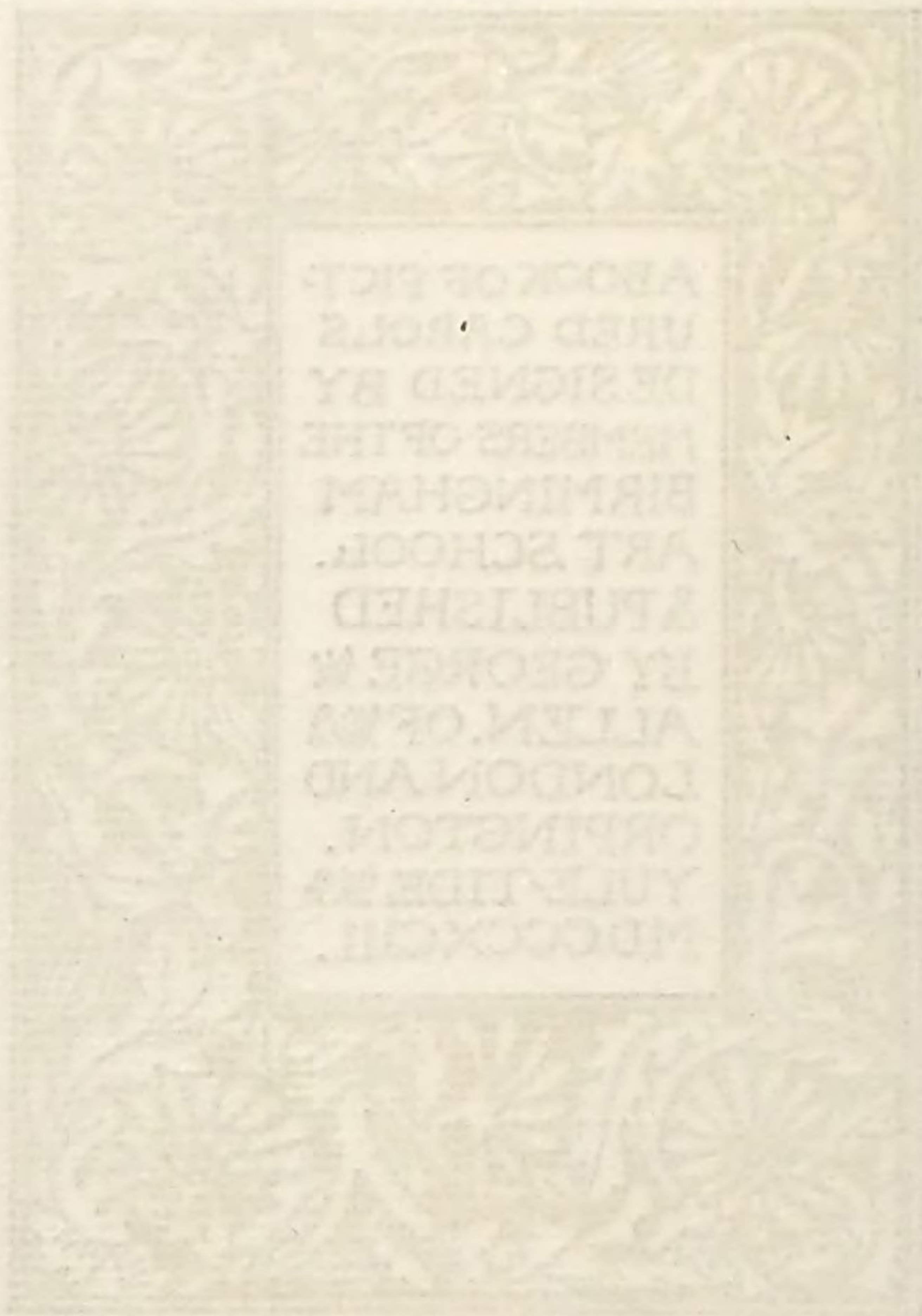
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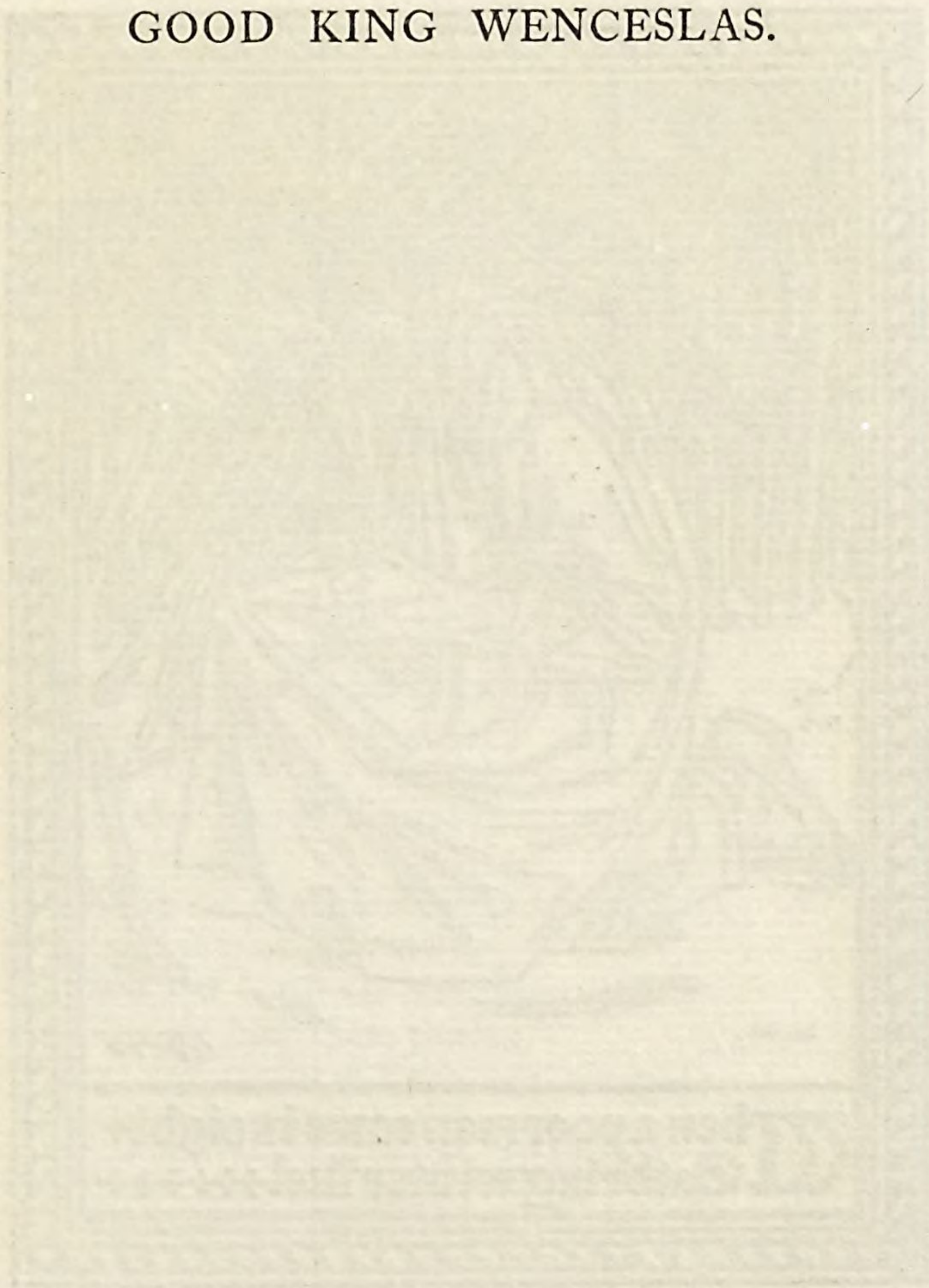






A BOOK OF FIFTY
THREE CAROLS
DESIGNED BY
MEMBERS OF THE
BIRMINGHAM
ART SCHOOL.
PUBLISHED
BY GEORGE W.
ALLEN OF 12
LONDON AND
CRIPSTON.
YULETIDE 1873
MCCXXIII.

GOOD KING WENCESLAS.





When a poorman came in sight+
Gathring winter fuel+++++

GOOD KING WENCESLAS.

GOOD King Wenceslas look'd out,
On the Feast of Stephen ;
When the snow lay round about,
Deep, and crisp, and even :
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gath'ring winter fuel,

“Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it telling,
Yonder peasant who is he ?
Where and what his dwelling ? ”
“Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain ;
Right against the forest-fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain.”

“Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine logs hither ;
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither.”
Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together :
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.

“Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger ;

Fails my heart I know not how ;
I can go no longer."
" Mark my footsteps, good my page ;
Tread thou in them boldly :
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted ;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the Saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

The words of this carol are printed by permission of
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I SAW THREE SHIPS.





I SAW THREE SHIPS.

I SAW three ships come sailing in
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day ;
I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And who was in those ships all three,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day ?
And who was in those ships all three,
On Christmas Day in the morning ?

Our Saviour Christ and his ladye,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day ;
Our Saviour Christ and his ladye,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day ?
Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas Day in the morning ?

O, they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day ;
O, they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day ;
And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the angels in Heaven shall sing,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day ;
And all the angels in Heaven shall sing,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day ;
And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Then let us all rejoice amain,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day ;
Then let us all rejoice amain,
On Christmas Day in the morning.



And who was in those ships all three,
Our Saviour Christ & his Ladye.



WOLCUM YOL.

JOHN J. JONES

WOLCUM YOL.

Wolcum yol, thou mery man,
In worchepe of this holy day.

WOLCUM be thu, hevene kyng,
Wolcum, born in on morwenyng,
Wolcum for hom we xal syng,
Wolcum yol.

Wolcum be ye Stefne and Ion,
Wolcum Innocentes everychon,
Wolcum Thomas martyr on,
Wolcum yol.

Wolcum be ye, good newe yere,
Wolcum twelthe-day, bothe infer,
Wolcum seyntes lef and der,
Wolcum yol.

Wolcum be ye Candylmesse,
Wolcum be ye quyn of blys,
Wolcum bothe to mor and lesse,
Wolcum yol.

Wolcum be ye that arn her,
Wolcum alle and mak good cher,
Wolcum alle anothe yer,
Wolcum yol.

Wolcum = *welcome*.

yol = *yule*.

hevene = *heavenly*.

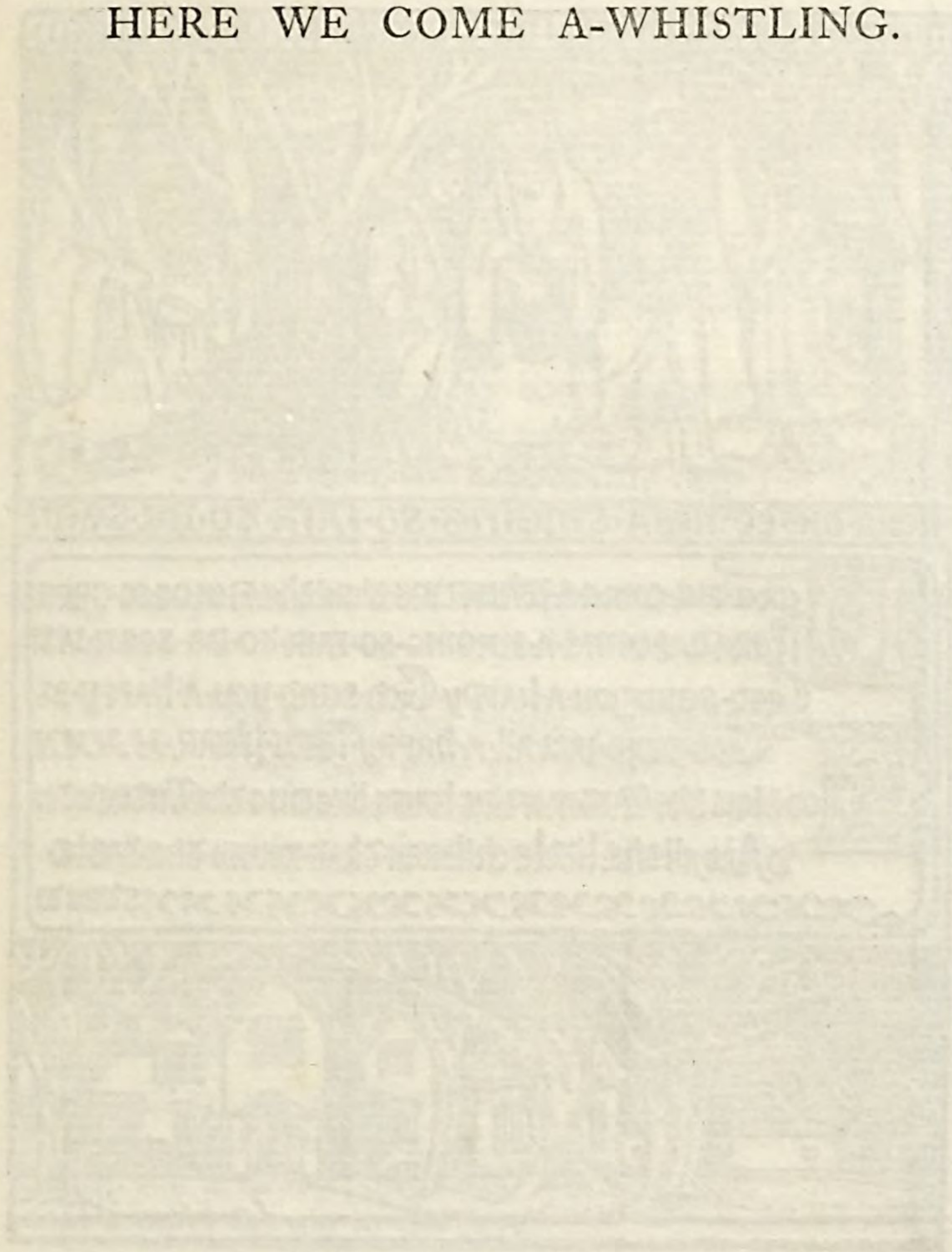
morwenyng = *morning*.

xal = *shall*.

lef = *loving*.

quyn = *queen*.

HERE WE COME A-WHISTLING.

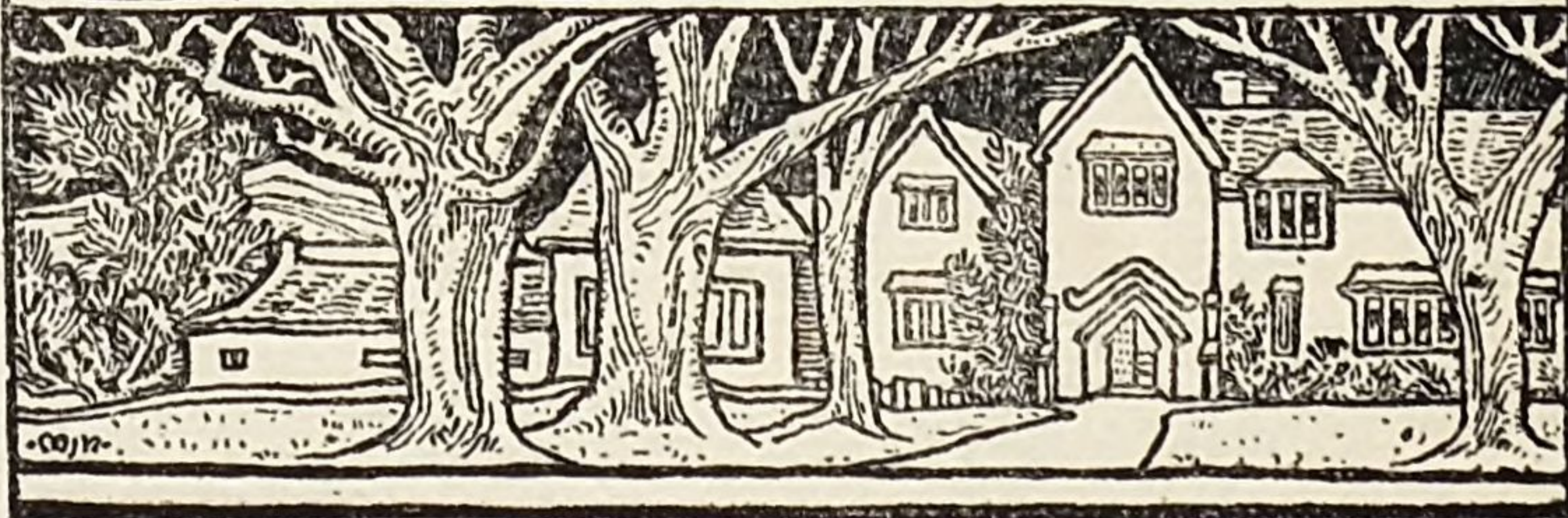


HERE WE COME A WHISTLING THRO' THE FIELDS SO GREEN.



HERE WE COME A SINGING SO FAIR TO BE SEEN.

HERE WE COME A WHISTLING THRO' THE FIELDS SO GREEN
HERE WE COME A SINGING SO FAIR TO BE SEEN. ♪ ♪
GOD SEND YOU A HAPPY. GOD SEND YOU A HAPPY. ♪
GOD SEND YOU ALL A HAPPY NEW YEAR. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪
GOD BLESS THE MASTER OF THIS HOUSE LIKEWISE THE MISTRESS TOO
AND ALL THE LITTLE CHILDREN THAT ROUND THE TABLE.
~~~~~





## HERE WE COME A-WHISTLING.

**H**ERE we come a-whistling, through the fields so  
green ;

Here we come a-singing, so fair to be seen.

God send you happy, God send you happy,  
Pray God send you a happy New Year !

The roads are very dirty, my boots are very thin,  
I have a little pocket to put a penny in.

God send you happy, God send you happy,  
Pray God send you a happy New Year !

Bring out your little table and spread it with a cloth,  
Bring out some of your old ale, likewise your Christmas  
loaf.

God send you happy, God send you happy,  
Pray God send you a happy New Year !

God bless the Master of this house, likewise the Mistress  
too,

And all the little children that round the table strew.

God send you happy, God send you happy,  
Pray God send you a happy New Year !

The cock sat up in the yew-tree,  
The hen came chuckling by,  
I wish you a merry Christmas,  
And a good fat pig in the Sty.







NOW MAKE WE JOYE.









## NOW MAKE WE JOYE.

**N**OW make we joye in this feste,  
In quo Christus natus est,  
A patre unigenitus,  
Iij yong maydens cam till us,  
And say wellcome,  
Veni, redemptor gentium.

Agnoscat omne seculum ;  
A brygth sterre .iij. kynges made come,  
A solis ortus cardine,  
So mygthi a lord ys non as he.  
Veni, redemptor omnium gentium.

---

REJOICE we on this holy morn  
On which our Saviour Christ is born,  
Begotten of the Father, raise  
Unto his name a song of praise,  
Three children fair take up the tale,  
Redeemer of the nations, hail !

Let the whole world his rule admit !  
A star shines clear, and led by it  
Three kings have come from farthest east  
To own him Lord and mightiest.  
Redeemer of all nations, hail !



THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF  
HIS MOST  
EXCELLENT  
MAYESTY  
KING  
JAMES VI.

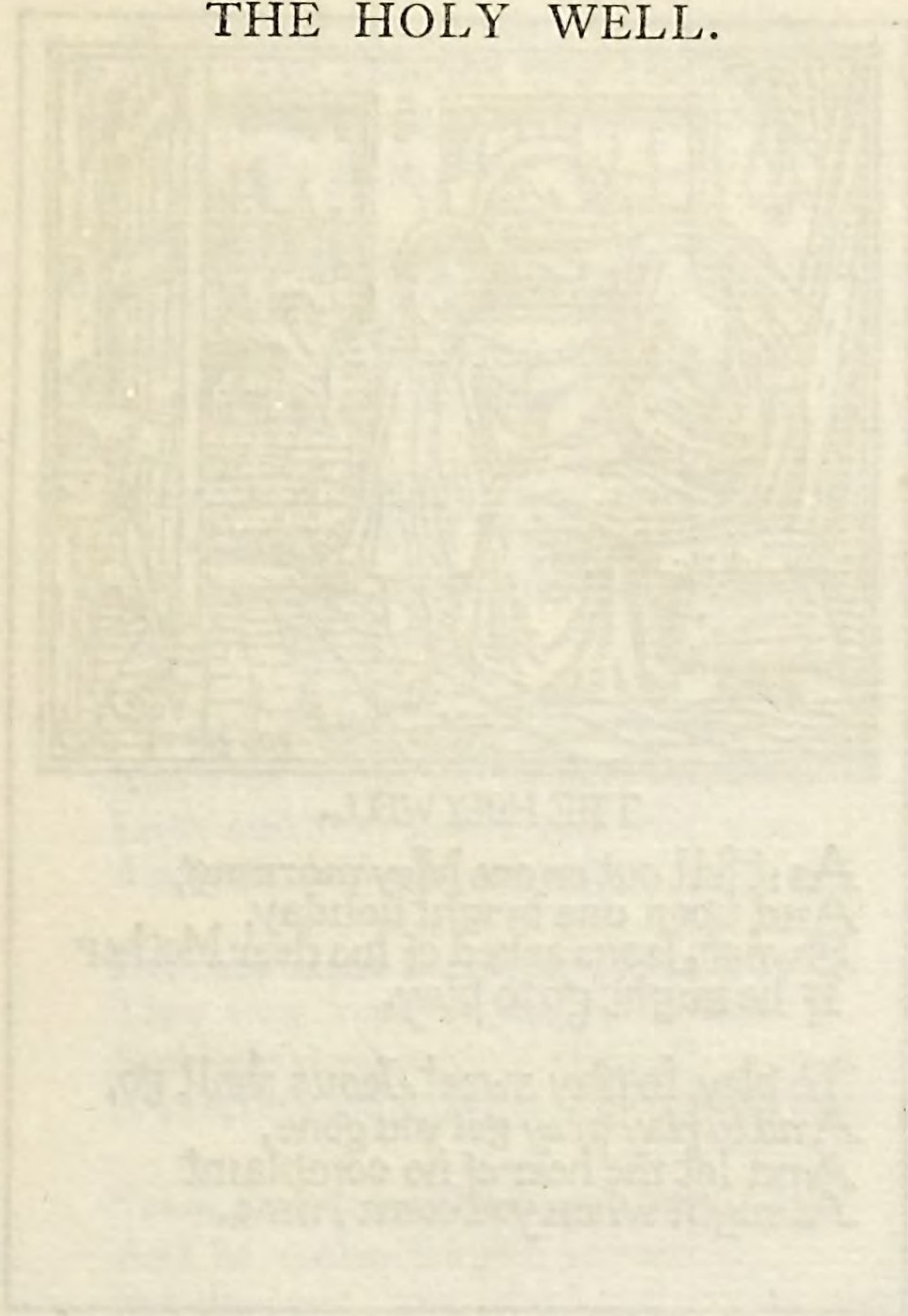
BY  
JAMES  
HARRISON  
OF  
GLASGOW

IN TWO VOLUMES.  
THE FIRST  
CONTAINING  
THE HISTORY  
OF HIS  
MAYESTY  
KING JAMES VI.

FROM HIS  
MAYESTY  
KING JAMES VI.  
TO HIS  
MAYESTY  
KING JAMES VI.



# THE HOLY WELL.







THE HOLY WELL.

As it fell out on one May morning,  
And upon one bright holiday,  
Sweet Jesus asked of his dear Mother  
If he might go to play.

To play to play sweet Jesus shall go,  
And to play pray get you gone,  
And let me hear of no complaint  
At night when you come home.



## THE HOLY WELL.

AS it fell out on one May morning,  
And upon one bright holiday,  
Sweet Jesus asked of his dear Mother,  
If he might go to play.

“To play, to play, sweet Jesus shall go,  
And to play pray get you gone,  
And let me hear of no complaint,  
At night when you come home.”

Sweet Jesus went down to yonder town  
As far as the Holy Well,  
And there did see as fine children  
As any tongue can tell.

He said, “God bless you every one,  
And your bodies Christ save and see;  
Little children, shall I play with you,  
And you shall play with me?”

But they made answer to him, No!  
They were lords’ and ladies’ sons;  
And he, the meanest of them all,  
A maiden’s child, born in an oxen’s stall.

Sweet Jesus turned him around,  
And he neither laugh’d nor smil’d,  
But the tears came trickling from his eyes,  
Like water from the skies.



Sweet Jesus turned him about,  
To his Mother's dear home went he,  
And said, "I have been in yonder town,  
As after you may see.

I have been down in yonder town,  
As far as the Holy Well,  
And there did I meet as fine children  
As any tongue can tell.

I bid God bless them every one,  
And their bodies Christ save and see;  
Little children, shall I play with you,  
And you shall play with me?

But they made answer to me, No!  
They were lords' and ladies' sons,  
And I, the meanest of them all,  
A maiden's child, born in an oxen's stall."

"Though you are but a maiden's child,  
Born in an oxen's stall,  
Thou art the Christ the King of Heaven,  
And the Saviour of them all.

Sweet Jesus go down to yonder town,  
As far as the Holy Well,  
And take away those sinful souls  
And dip them deep in hell."



“Nay, nay,” sweet Jesus said,  
“Nay, nay, that may not be,  
For there are too many sinful souls  
Crying out for the help of me.”

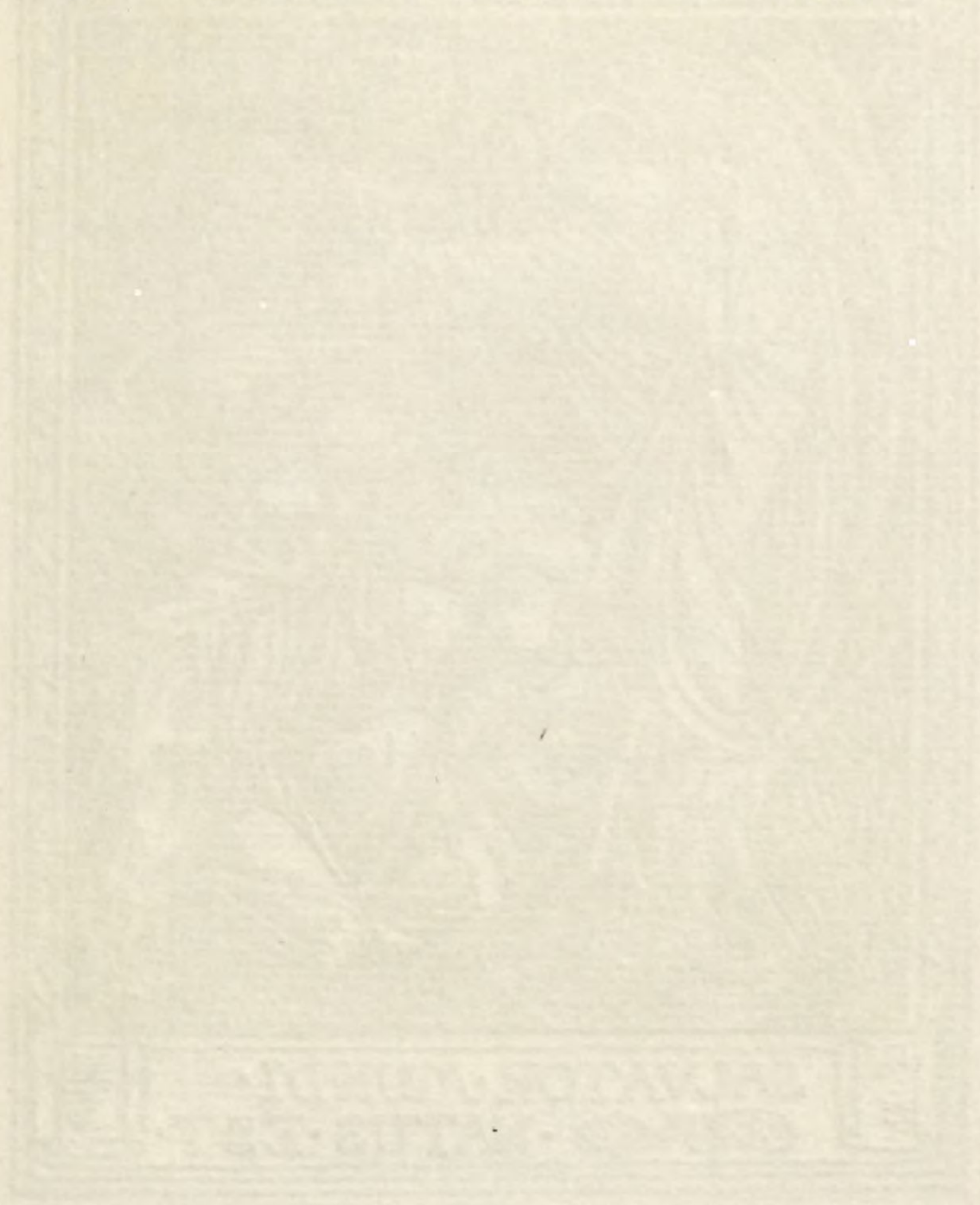
O then spake the angel Gabriel  
Upon one good Saint Stephen,  
“Altho’ you’re but a maiden’s child,  
You are the King of Heaven.”







IN BETHELEEM THAT NOBLE PLACE.









## IN BETHELEEM THAT NOBLE PLACE.

Be we mery in this feste,  
In quo salvator natus est.

**I**N Bethelcem, that noble place,  
As by prophesy sayd it was,  
Of the Vyrbyn Mary, full of grace,  
Saluator mundi natus est.

Be we mery in this feste,  
In quo salvator natus est.

On Chrystmas nyght an aungell it tolde  
To the shephardes, kepyng theyr folde,  
That unto Bethelcem with bestes wolde,  
Saluator mundi natus est.

Be we mery in this feste,  
In quo salvator natus est.

The shephardes were compassed ryght,  
About them was a great lyght,  
Drede ye nought, sayde the aungell bryght,  
Saluator mundi natus est.

Be we mery in this feste,  
In quo salvator natus est.

Beholde to you we brynge great joy,  
For why? Jesus is born this day  
Of Mary, that mylde May,  
Saluator mundi natus est.

Be we mery in this feste,  
In quo salvator natus est.



And thus in fayth fynde it ye shall,  
Lyenge porely in oxe stall.  
The shephardes then lauded God all.  
Quia Salvator mundi natus est.

Be we mery in this feste,  
In quo salvator natus est.



THREE DAMSELS IN THE QUEEN'S  
CHAMBER.



THREE DASHES IN THE GUTTER

CHAPTER

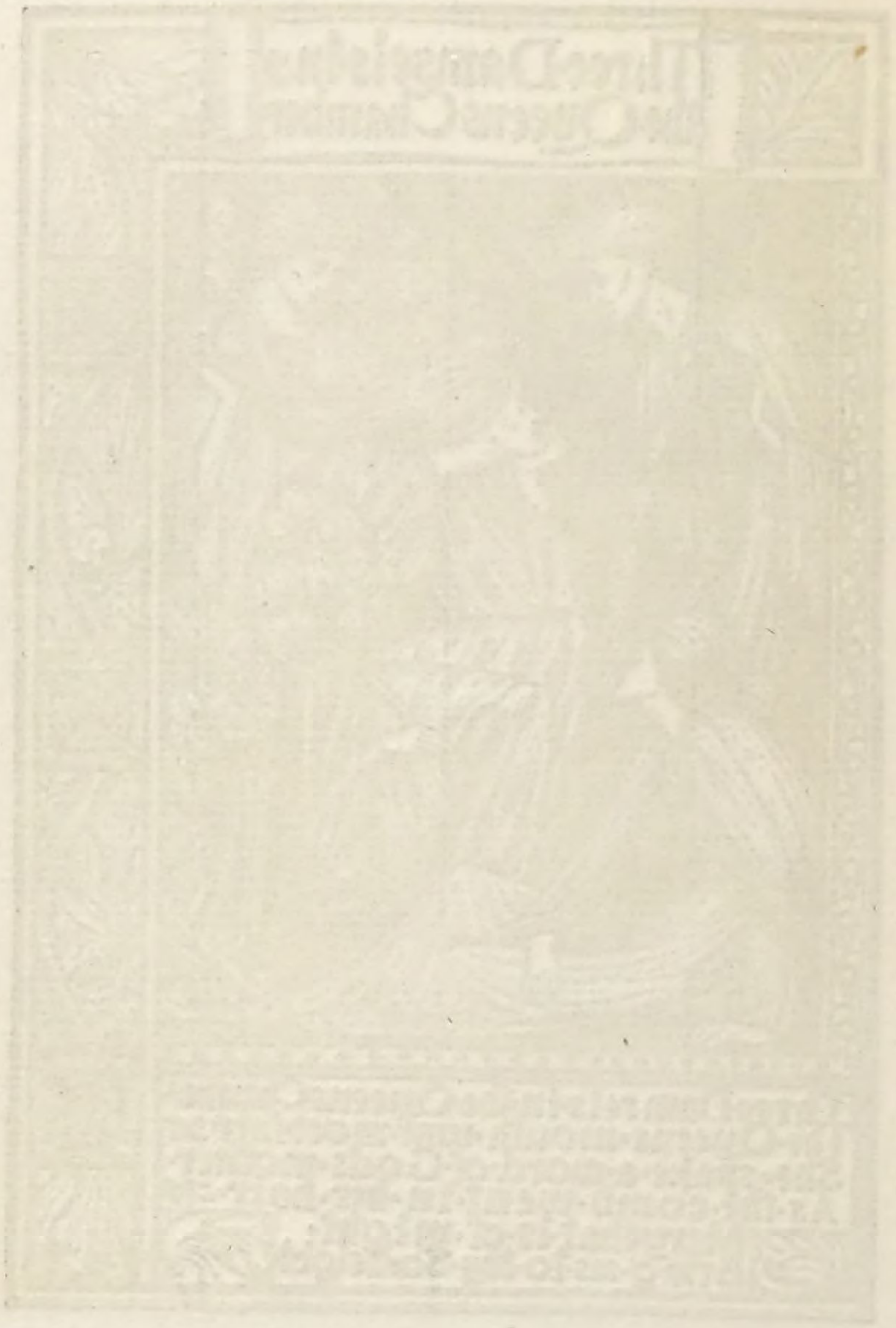


# Three Damsels in the Queens Chamber



Three Damsels in the Queens Chamber  
 The Queens mouth was most fair  
 She spake a word of Gods mother  
 As the comb went in her hair  
 Mary that is of might  
 Bring us to thy Sonns sight







MARY, FOR THE LOVE OF THE.



MADE FOR THE LOVE OF THE



## MARY, FOR THE LOVE OF THE.

Off the v joyes of owr lady.  
A, A, A, A, gaudi celi domina.

**M**ARY, for the love of the,  
Glad and mery schal we be ;  
Who schal syng unto the,  
Tua quinque gaudia.

The fyrste joy that came to the,  
Was whan the aungel greted the,  
And sayd, Mary, ful of charyte,  
Ave, plena gracia.

The secund joye that was ful good,  
When Goddes son tok flesch and blood ;  
Withowt sorow and changyng of mood  
Enixa es puerpera.

The thyrd joy was ful of myght,  
When Goddes son on rood was pyght,  
Deed and buryed, and layd in syght,  
Surrexit die tercia.

The fourth joy was on Holy Thursday,  
When God to heven took hys way,  
God and man withowten nay,  
Ascendit supra sidera.



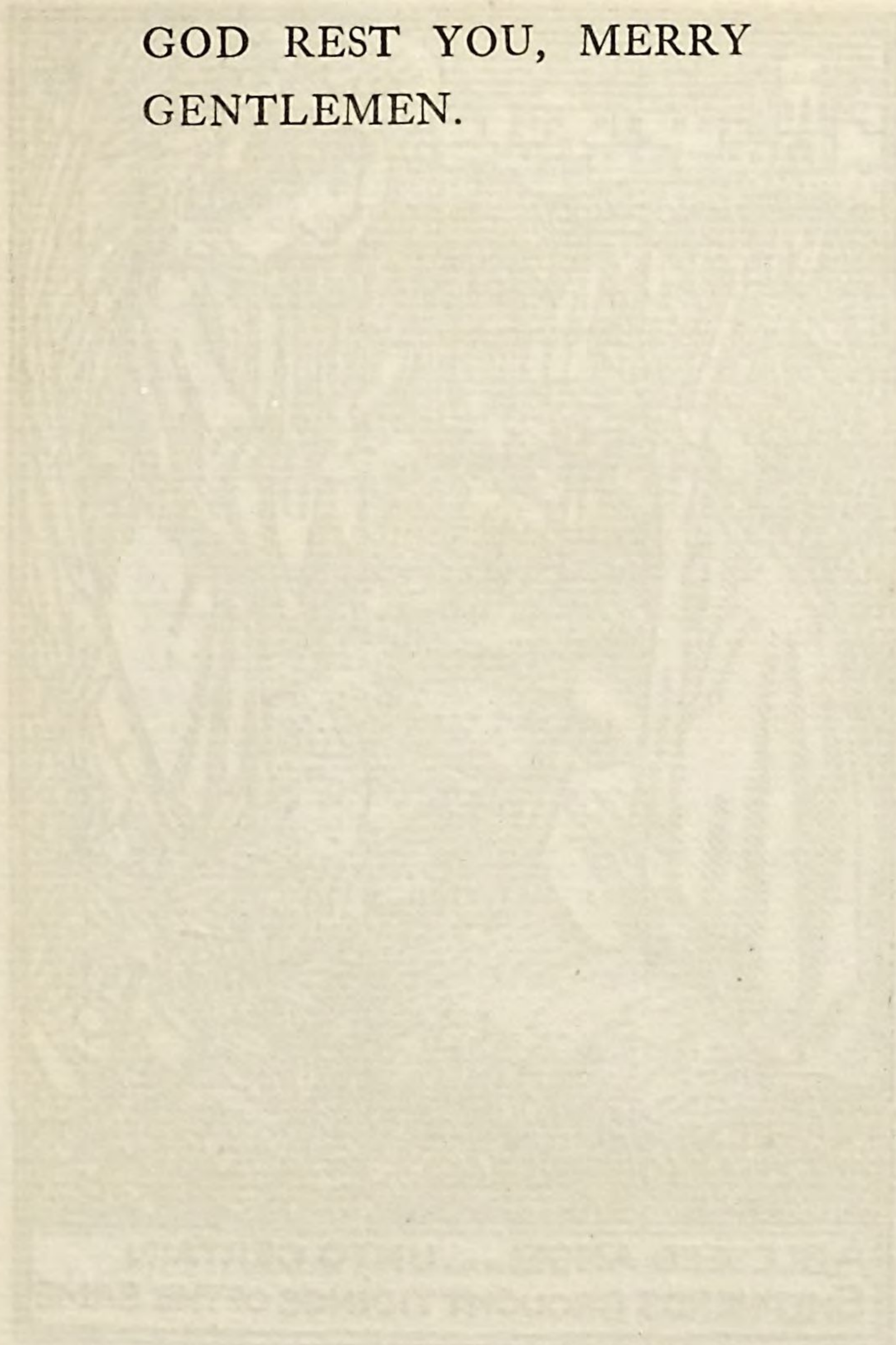
The fyfth joy is for to come  
At the dredful day of dome,  
Whan he schal deme us al and some,  
Ad celi palacia.

Mary to serve, God gyve us grace,  
And grete hyr with joys in every place,  
To cum afor hyr sones face  
In seculorum secula.

A, A, A, A, = *hail, queen of heaven.*  
Tua quinque gaudia = *thy five joys.*  
Ave, plena gracia = *hail, full of grace.*  
Enixa es puerpera = *thou, an infant newly born.*  
pyght = *pierced (see modern English "pick" or "peck").*  
Surrexit die tercia = *rose again the third day.*  
Ascendit supra sidera = *ascended into heaven (literally, "above the stars").*  
deme = *judge (modern English "doom").*  
Ad celi palacia = *in heavenly mansions.*  
In seculorum secula = *for ever and ever (literally, "for ages of ages").*



GOD REST YOU, MERRY  
GENTLEMEN.







ABLESSED ANGEL.... UNTO CERTAIN  
SHEPHERDS BROUGHT TIDINGS OF THE SAME



GOD REST YOU, MERRY  
GENTLEMEN.

GOD rest you, merry gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay,  
For Jesus Christ our Saviour  
Was born upon this day,  
To save us all from Satan's power  
When we were gone astray.  
O tidings of comfort and joy,  
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas Day.

In Bethlehem, in Jewry,  
This blessed Babe was born,  
And laid within a manger  
Upon this blessed morn;  
The which his Mother Mary  
Did nothing take in scorn.  
O tidings of comfort and joy,  
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas Day.

From God, our Heavenly Father,  
A blessed angel came,  
And unto certain shepherds  
Brought tidings of the same,  
That there was born in Bethlehem  
The Son of God by name.  
O tidings of comfort and joy,  
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas Day.



Fear not then, said the angel,  
Let nothing you affright,  
This day is born a Saviour  
Of a pure Virgin bright;  
So frequently to vanquish all  
The friends of Satan quite.  
O tidings of comfort and joy,  
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas Day.

The shepherds at these tidings  
Rejoiced much in mind,  
And left their flocks a-feeding  
In tempest, storm, and wind,  
And went to Bethlehem straightway,  
This blessed Babe to find.  
O tidings of comfort and joy,  
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas Day.

But when they came to Bethlehem,  
Where our dear Saviour lay,  
They found him in a manger,  
Where oxen fed on hay;  
His Mother Mary, kneeling,  
Unto the Lord did pray.  
O tidings of comfort and joy,  
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas Day.

Now to the Lord sing praises  
All you within this place,  
And with true love and brotherhood  
Each other now embrace;



This holy tide of Christmas  
All others doth deface.  
O tidings of comfort and joy,  
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas Day.



This holy day of Christmas  
All of us should be  
O children of comfort and joy  
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas Day

The angels in the sky  
The shepherds in the field  
The wise men from the East  
All came to adore the newborn King

And now we sing a hymn  
To praise our Lord and King  
Who came to save the world  
From all our sins and bring  
Peace and love to every heart  
That's why we sing with joy  
The praises of our Lord  
Who came to save the world

And now we sing a hymn  
To praise our Lord and King  
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CHRISTO PAREMUS CANTICUM,  
EXCELSIS GLORIA.



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

EXPLORER OF AMERICA

1492-1506



CHRISTO PAREMUS CANTICUM,  
EXCELSIS GLORIA.\*

WHEN Cryst was born of Mary fre  
In Bedlem in that fayre cyté,  
Angellis song ther with myrth and glee,  
In excelsis gloria.

Herdmen beheld these angellis brygt,  
To hem apperyd with gret lygt,  
And seyde, "Goddys sone is born this nygt,"  
In excelsis gloria.

Thys keng ys comyn to save kynde,  
As yn scripturas we fynde,  
Therefore this song have we in mynde,  
In excelsis gloria.

Then, Lord for thy gret grace,  
Graunt us the blys to se thy face,  
Where we may syng to thy solas,  
In excelsis gloria.

\* *Let us raise a song unto Christ, all glory in the highest.*

kynde = *mankind*.

solas = *praise and glory*.



CHRISTO PATERIS CANITUM  
LACRIS GLORIA

W  
HEN Christ was born of Mary the  
in Bethlem in that little town  
where the angels sang their hymns and the  
in heaven glory.

Thousands looked upon his birth  
to him who lived with God  
and earth, - God who was in him the light  
in earth is born.

How long we wander in dark night,  
As we are guided by his light,  
Through the dark night we have no more night,  
In heaven glory.

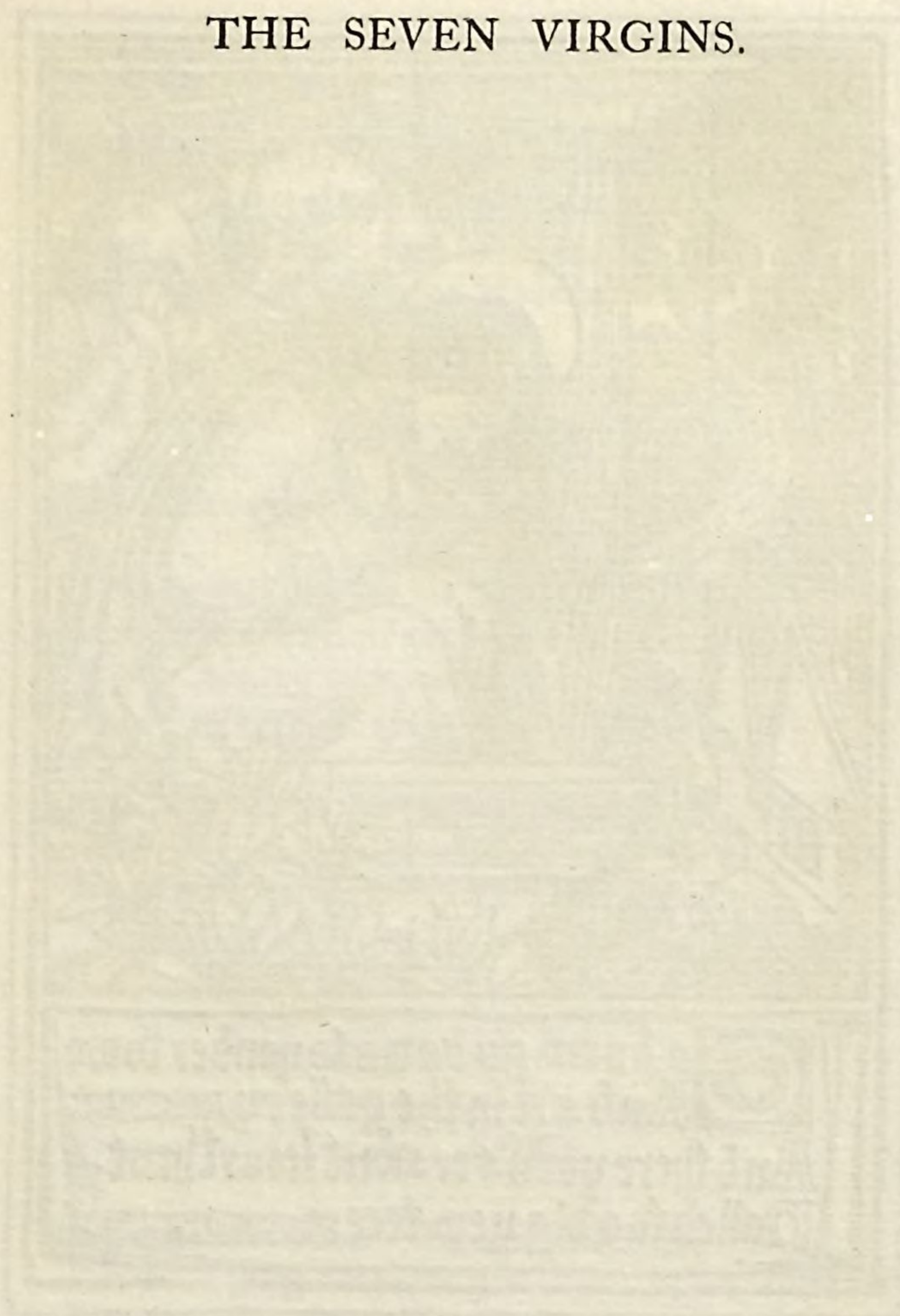
I am, I am the light of men  
I am the light of men  
I am the light of men  
I am the light of men  
I am the light of men

I am the light of men

I am the light of men



THE SEVEN VIRGINS.







**G**o down go down to yonder town  
And sit in the gallery  
And there you'll see sweet Jesus Christ.  
Nailed to a big yew-tree



## THE SEVEN VIRGINS.

“ **A**LL under the leaves, and the leaves of life,  
I met with virgins seven,  
And one of them was Mary mild,  
Our Lord's Mother of Heaven.

‘O what are you seeking, you seven fair maids,  
All under the leaves of life;  
Come tell, come tell, what seek you  
All under the leaves of life?’

‘We're seeking for no leaves, Thomas,  
But for a friend of thine,  
We're seeking for sweet Jesus Christ,  
To be our guide and thine.’

‘Go down, go down to yonder town  
And sit in the gallery,  
And there you'll see sweet Jesus Christ,  
Nailed to a big yew-tree.’

So down they went to yonder town  
As fast as foot could fall,  
And many a grievous bitter tear  
From the Virgin's eye did fall.

‘O peace, Mother, O peace, Mother,  
Your weeping doth me grieve;  
I must suffer thus,’ he said,  
‘For Adam and for Eve.’



‘ O Mother, take you John Evangelist  
All for to be your son,  
And he will comfort you sometimes  
Mother, as I have done.’

‘ O come thou, John Evangelist,  
Thou ’rt welcome unto me,  
But more welcome my own dear son  
Whom I nursed on my knee.’

Then he laid his head on his right shoulder,  
Seeing death it struck him nigh.—  
‘ The holy Mother be with your soul,  
I die, Mother, I die.’

O the rose, the gentle rose,  
And the fennel that grows so green,  
God give us grace in every place  
To pray for our King and Queen.

Furthermore for our enemies all  
Our prayers they should be strong :  
Amen, good Lord ; your charity,  
Is the ending of my song.”



MAKE WE MERTHE FOR CRYSTES  
BERTHE.



MAKE ME MERRILL FOR A DAY

MERRILL



MAKE WE MERTHE FOR CRYSTES  
BERTHE, AND SYNG WE YOL TIL  
CANDILMES.

**T**HE ferste day of yol we hau in mynde  
How man was born al of our kende,  
For he wold the bondes on-bynde  
Of alle our synne and wykkydnes.

The secunde day we syng of Stevene,  
That stonyd was, and sid up evene  
With Cryst ther he wold stonde in hevene,  
And crownyd was for his provys.

The threde day longes to Saynt Jon,  
That was Crystes derlyng, derest on,  
To hem he tok, quan he xuld gon,  
His dere moder, for his clenness.

The forte day of the chylderyn yyng,  
With Herowdes wrethe to deth were throng,  
Of Cryst thei cowde not speke with tong,  
But with here blod bare wytnesse.

The fyfte day halwyt Seynt Thomas,  
Ryth as strong as peler of bras,  
Hyld up his kyrke and slayin was,  
For he stod faste in rythwynes.



The eytende day tok Jhesu his nam,  
That savyd mankynde fro synne and schame,  
And circumsysid was for non blame,  
But for insaunce and mekenesse.

The .xij. day offeryd to hym kynges .iiij.  
Gold, myrre, incense, this giftes fre,  
For God and man and kyng is he,  
And thus thei worchepyd his worthinesse.

The forty day cam Mary myld  
On to the temple with her schyld,  
To schewyn here clene that never was fyld;  
And here-with endis Crystemesse.

kende = *kind, nature.*

sid = *see-d, saw.*

provys = *prowess, courage.*

quan he xuld gon = *after he should be gone.*

to deth were throng = *were slain.*

halwyt = *hallowed.*

peler = *pillar.*

Hyld up his kyrke = *upheld the church.*

rythwynes = *righteousness.*

insaunce = *innocence.*









CHISWICK PRESS:—C. WHITTINGHAM AND CO.  
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, E.C.





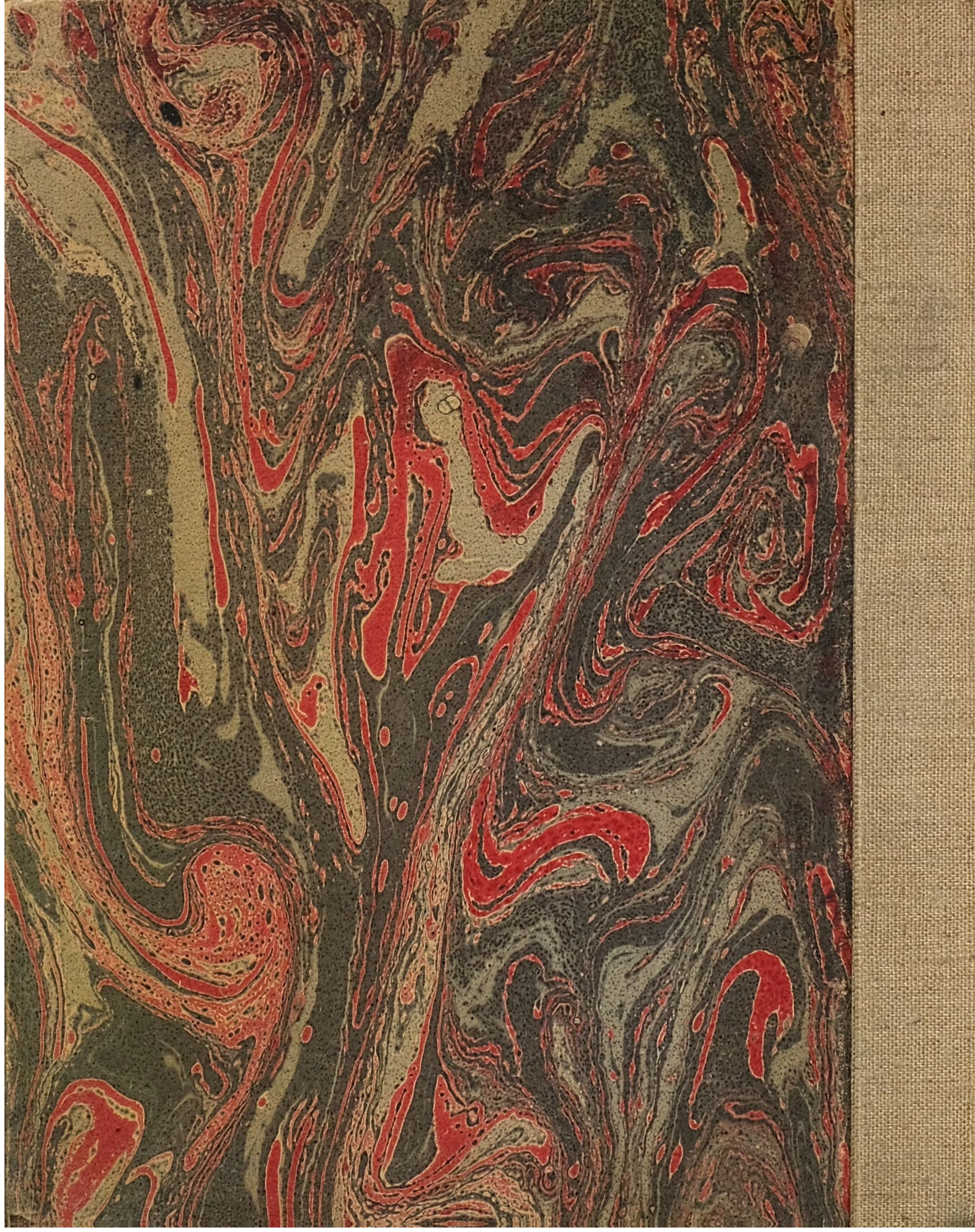














A book of pictured carols

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